

ARTICLE APPEARED
ON PAGE 10, Sec. 1

CHICAGO TRIBUNE
15 November 1983

A hall of fame for CIA spooks

WASHINGTON—Like the man in the "my broker is E. F. Hutton, and E. F. Hutton says," commercials, CIA Director William Casey is someone who can make everyone around him stop and stare every time he opens his mouth.

This is in part due to the tidy stock portfolio Casey's acquired since becoming the nation's chief spy, including stock in companies doing business with the CIA. The presumption is that he's got a better grasp of market trends than the person who sends out the millionaires' checks from Paine Webber.

Also, there's Casey's tendency to speak in incomprehensible mutters and mumbles. It's been said that, were the KGB to kidnap Casey and torture him into revealing all the U.S. secrets, they'd still learn nothing.

But Casey has made me stop and stare for another reason. He has come before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence to plead for the creation of a National Intelligence Museum, or, if you will, a National Gallery of Spooks.

My first reaction was that there would be little point to such a museum as they would probably keep its location secret. But no, retired CIA official Walter Pforzheimer [which sounds like a cover name to me] said they want it right down on the Capital Mall with all the other Washington museums.

Then I thought they'd try to disguise it by giving it a business front, just like the CIA does all its covert operations based in Miami. Between the National Museum of Natural History and the National Gallery of Art, you'd find an "AAA Acme

Michael Kilian

Thumbscrew and Garbanzo Bean Import Co.—No Admittance."

And, if the museum included a Spies Hall of Fame—as it surely must in a country that has Country Music and Hairdressers Halls of Fame—all the honorees would probably be anonymous.

But no, Casey and Pforzheimer said they had in mind a museum just like all the others, with exhibits open for all to see. "Think of the impact," Pforzheimer said, "not only on the grown-ups who are drawn to tales of intelligence and spies, but also on the kids who are so fond of gadgetry and the kind of exhibits that could be mounted." On thumbscrews.

That kids angle sort of takes care of the only item I could contribute to the collection. Pforzheimer is proud of a photograph of Mata Hari used in her last application to enter France, where she was terminated with extreme prejudice in 1917. I have a photograph of Mata wearing nothing but a bit of Brünnhilde breastplate, which I think reveals more of how most espionage really works than Pforzheimer's gadgetry would—unless hers was secret decoder breastplate.

I'd certainly display the red wig the CIA loaned E. Howard Hunt as a disguise during Watergate—though it didn't make him look anything at all like Mata Hari, or even Rita Hayworth.

I'd also include the poison ring with which the CIA hoped to kill Patrice Lumumba of the Congo if they could ever make him feel palsy enough to shake hands; the poisoned

[or was it exploding?] cigar, with which they hoped to kill Castro; and the depilatory that was to make his beard fall out and ruin his macho image.

These would be displayed with the Castro scuba diving wet suit filled with itching powder, which was supposed to make him go into a fit of convulsive scratching and drown, and the matching LSD-covered scuba face mask, which I think the CIA weapons designers tried on first.

Another must exhibit would be the "covert operation" combat boot designed by the secret Pentagon lab at Natick, Mass. Its specially molded sole is designed to leave the footprint of a barefooted person, fooling enemy patrols into thinking that a covert agent's track is that of just another native—or possibly the Abominable Snowman.

If there's no room for the boot in the National Spook Museum, it could always be lent to the circus museum in Baraboo, Wis.

I'd suggest rogue agent Frank Terpil's gun collection, except that that would take up most of downtown Washington, but I'd certainly insist the exhibit include a sewing machine. Why a sewing machine? Well, why did Casey appoint New Hampshire sewing machine salesman Max Hugel his chief spy?

The museum's promoters say no taxpayer money will be required and that they can raise the \$2 million needed for it from "private sources."

"Private" indeed. This leads me to believe that the museum would just be a front for some secret operation going on inside.

Like a stock brokerage.